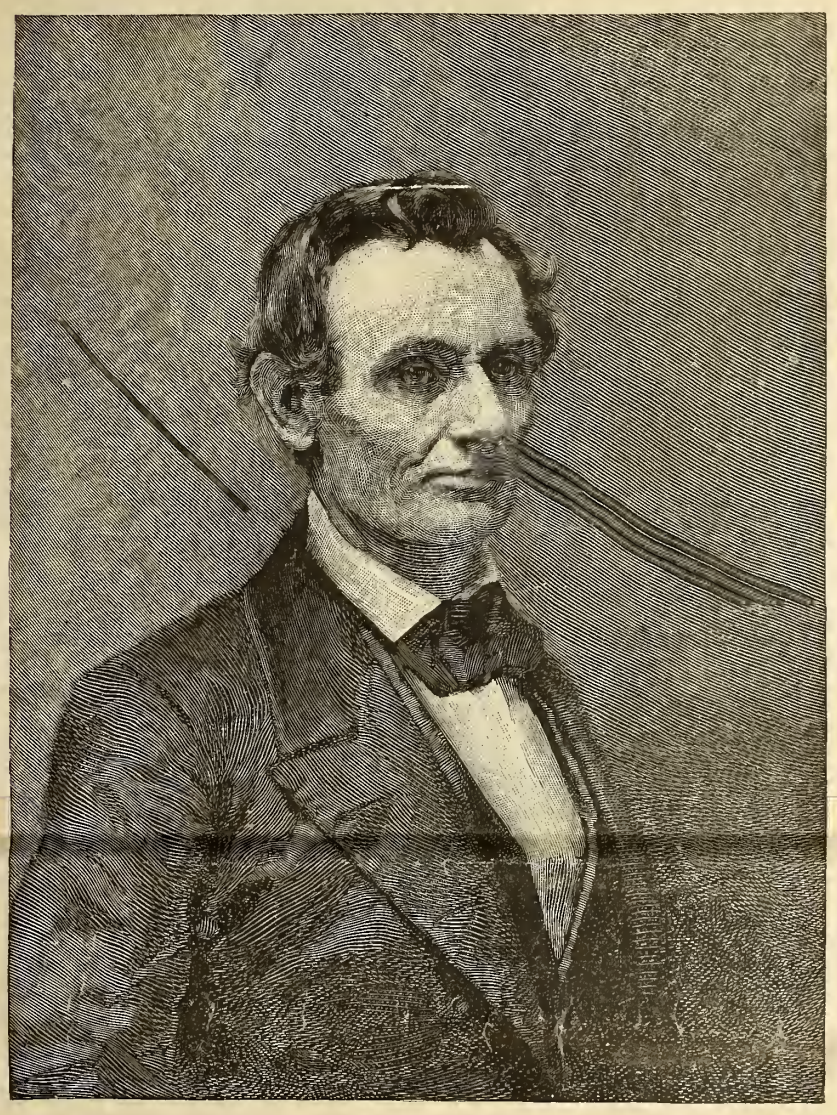
ANCESTRY AND EARLY YEARS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

CONCERNING his ancestors, Abraham Lincoln had only heard that his grandfather emigrated from Virginia and was killed by an Indian. J. G. Holland, in 1865, had only this information concerning them: "The most that is known is that the Lincoln of Rockingham County, Virginia, came, previous to 1752, from Berks County, Pennsylvania. Where the Lincoln of Berks County came from, no record has disclosed. They are believed to have been Quakers, but whether they were an original importation from old England under the auspices of William Penn, or a pioneer offshoot from the Lincolns of New England, does not appear. There is strong presumptive evidence that the Pennsylvania and New England Lincolns were identical in their early blood."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN—FROM HIS FIRST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN CHICAGO IN 1857.

It is only recently that the genealogical descent has been definitely ascertained. It is now known that in 1620—the year of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Massachusetts; the year of the beginning of a government of the people—a Mrs. Lincoln in the old town of Hingham, Norfolk County, England, was folding to her heart a babe who received the name of Samuel. We have no information in regard to the given name of the child's mother or father. That they were in humble life is made plain by their apprenticing the boy at the age of fourteen to Francis Lawes, in the old city of Norwich, to learn the art of weaving—a thriving industry of that then flourishing cathedral town, the chief seat of Puritanism.

Norwich, Hingham, Yarmouth, Ipswich, and other towns in Norfolk were strongholds of Puritanism. John Robinson, after graduating from Cambridge, preached to little congregations in private houses till hunted down by the tipstaves of the king, when he travelled northward to the little hamlets of Scrooby, Bawtry, and Austerfield, and gathered a congregation of farmers and laborers in the old manor-house occupied by William Brewster, to become exiles in Holland; to finally establish a new order of things in church and state on the shores of Cape Cod. Samuel Lincoln was a Puritan, for at the age of seventeen, Francis Lawes and his apprentice left Norwich, made their way to Yarmouth, the principal seaport of Norfolk, and sailed as passengers either on the ship *John and Dorothy* or the *Rose*, which crossed the Atlantic in company. They landed at Salem, Massachusetts. Samuel Lincoln became the father of a family, finding Puritan names for his children in the Bible—Samuel, Daniel, Mordecai, Mary, Martha, Sarah, Rebecca. The oldest son became a soldier in the war with the Pequot Indians. He married Sarah Jones. He thought the time had come when the people of Massachusetts should not be dependent on England for iron, and with the aid of his neighbors erected a furnace for smelting ores—the first in America.

A tide of civilization had already begun westward, and the eldest son of this enterprising pioneer, also bearing the name Mordecai, with his wife and two children, moved to Freehold, New Jersey, where he became thrifty, and was styled "gentleman" in titledeeds. Later he became a citizen in Amity township, Berks County, Pennsylvania. His eldest son John crossed the Schuylkill River to Union township.

William Penn and his fellow-colonists were peopling the fertile lands of Berks and Montgomery counties. They also were Puritans, and Mordecai Lincoln found himself in congenial society. One of his near neighbors was George Boone, who had emigrated from the old cathedral city of Exeter, and who gave the same name to his new home. A very warm friendship sprang up between the two settlers, and a few years later we find Mordecai Lincoln's youngest son Abraham and Anna Boone, granddaughter of George,



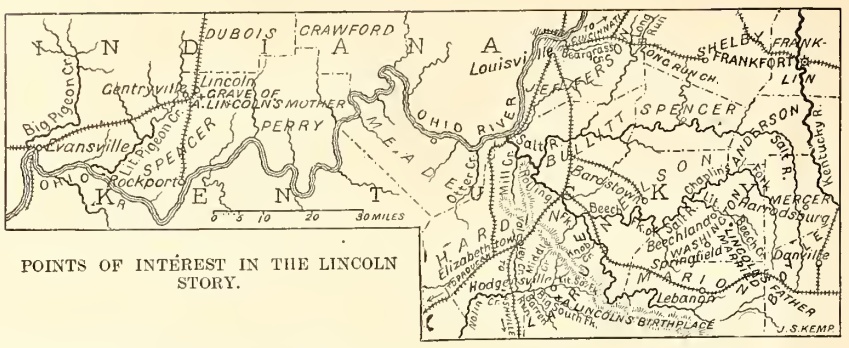
SARAH BUSH LINCOLN.



RUTLEDGE'S MILL.



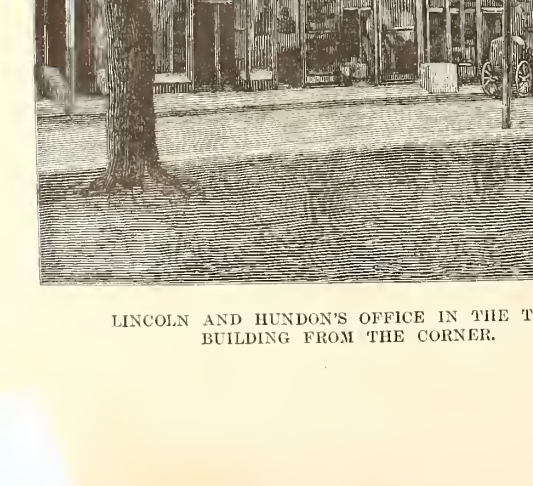
THOMAS LINCOLN'S HOME AT FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS.



POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE LINCOLN STORY.

becoming husband and wife. Their grandson Daniel became the intrepid explorer and pioneer of Kentucky, and his name is inseparably connected with the history of that State.

Going back to the year 1700, we find Uriah Hanks, his wife Lurana, and their two sons, Benjamin and John, bidding farewell to their old home in Birmingham, England, and emigrating to Massachusetts, landing where the Pilgrims of 1620 landed—at Plymouth—Benjamin making his way to Connecticut and John to Pennsylvania. Eleven years pass, and John Hanke, as the name stands upon



THE SPOT ONCE OCCUPIED BY THE CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.

the record, citizen of Whitemarsh, is standing up before the "meeting" in the Quaker meeting-house in Gwynedd, just out from Philadelphia, and promising to be a true and loving husband to Sarah Evans. With his young wife he moves up the river to Union township and becomes near neighbor to Mordecai [illegible]ohn Lincoln, George Boone and his son Squire Boone, father of Daniel.

Although the lands along the Schuylkill were fertile, those in the valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia were equally inviting, and we see John Lincoln and John Hanks moving southward across the Potomac, and selecting new homes in the vicinity of Harrisonburg, Virginia. As his Puritan fathers have done, John Lincoln finds a Biblical name for his eldest son Abraham, who arrives at manhood, leaves the Harrisonburg home, and establishes his own in North Carolina, on the bank of the Yadkin. Mary Shipley gives him her love, and becomes his brave-hearted wife.

Daniel Boone, ardent lover of nature, happiest when alone in the forest, had already built his cabin on the Yadkin. He crossed the Alleghanies, and revelled in the wilderness paradise where countless herds of buffaloes fattened on the nutritious grasses.

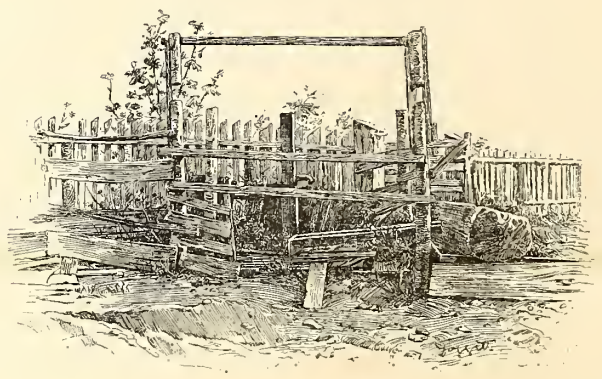
It was the period of the Revolutionary war, during which three sons came to fill the Lincoln cabin on the Yadkin with joy—Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas. The tide of civilization sweeping westward had already carried Daniel Boone to Kentucky, and in 1786 Abraham Lincoln and his wife Mary Shipley Lincoln, with their three little boys, joined the great throng, and crossed the mountains, selecting their future home near the present site of Louisville, then known as "Bear Grass Fort." Though the war with England had closed, the Indians were still lurking in their favorite hunting-grounds. Abraham Lincoln, with his three boys, was at work in the clearing a short distance from his cabin, when the father fell dead by a shot from an Indian's rifle. The scene is one for a painter—Mordecai, eleven years old, running to the cabin with a great resolve in his heart; Josiah, fleeing as fast as his legs can carry him towards the fort; the Indian seizing Thomas, seven years old, and leading him away a captive. A white cloud suddenly puffs from the side of the cabin, the sharp crack of a rifle breaks the stillness, and the Indian falls with a bullet through his heart, fired by the heroic Mordecai. Mary Shipley Lincoln is left a widow in the Western wilderness, mother of five children, the oldest eleven, the youngest a babe in her arms. She is the sole bread-winner for her children. Her hands must do all the providing. There are no schools where her offspring can learn to read and write. Under the law of entail, Mordecai, upon arriving at manhood, inherits the little property. Josiah and Thomas in ignorance and poverty must begin life's battle. Thomas, unable to read or write, learns to push the jack-plane and use a saw and chisel in the carpenter's shop of Joseph Hanks, Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

We have seen John Hanks settling in the valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia; and here, in the person of the carpenter, we have one of his descendants, together with his nieces Lucy, Betty, Polly, and Nancy. The early Harrisonburg records are no longer in existence, and we probably never shall know the names of their parents. That they were grandchildren of John Hanks is almost conclusive. Probably it was during the first four years of the century that they emigrated to Kentucky. In the home of this carpenter of Elizabethtown the two lines of Puritan descent—one from Norwich, the other from Birmingham in old England—meet in the persons of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, to be united in their marriage. The husband's ancestors had ever been pioneers of civilization. From Mordecai, weaver apprentice of Norwich, to Thomas, carpenter apprentice of Elizabethtown, through want of educational facilities and frontier privations, there had been a manifest deterioration of intellectual force. The plane of life occupied by Thomas was far below that of Mordecai of Amity township—the one unable to write his name, the other a "gentleman." We may think of him as unlearned, but kind-hearted, religious, and a loving husband. The maiden who gives him the wealth of her affection is tall, dark-haired, and comely. She seems to be looking ever beyond the present, as if seeing what others do not see. She is winsome by her grace of manner and quiet dignity. She has attended school in Virginia, and few if any of her mates are her equal in intellectual attainments. There has come down to her, through generations of religious ancestry, a reverent nature. The Bible is the one book within her reach. Her conduct is in accordance with its precepts. Pathetic her life. She is on the frontier, where few books are to be had, and where there is little intellectual culture. All her instincts are for a larger life. Through the long summer days she hears the cooing of the ring-doves, the mimicry of the mocking-birds, and the tender notes of the hermit-thrush in the forest; in winter the woods are silent to the sougs of birds, and the voices heard are the barkings of foxes and howlings of wolves. Need we wonder that the eyes look far away, that sadness throws its shadows athwart her countenance as she confronts an uncongenial present and a fathomless future?

Her home was a log cabin containing one room only. No door had been hung. The skin of a deer stretched across the opening partially protected the inmates from the winter air. At night she might look through the opening left for a window in the side of the cabin, and behold the gleaming stars. The

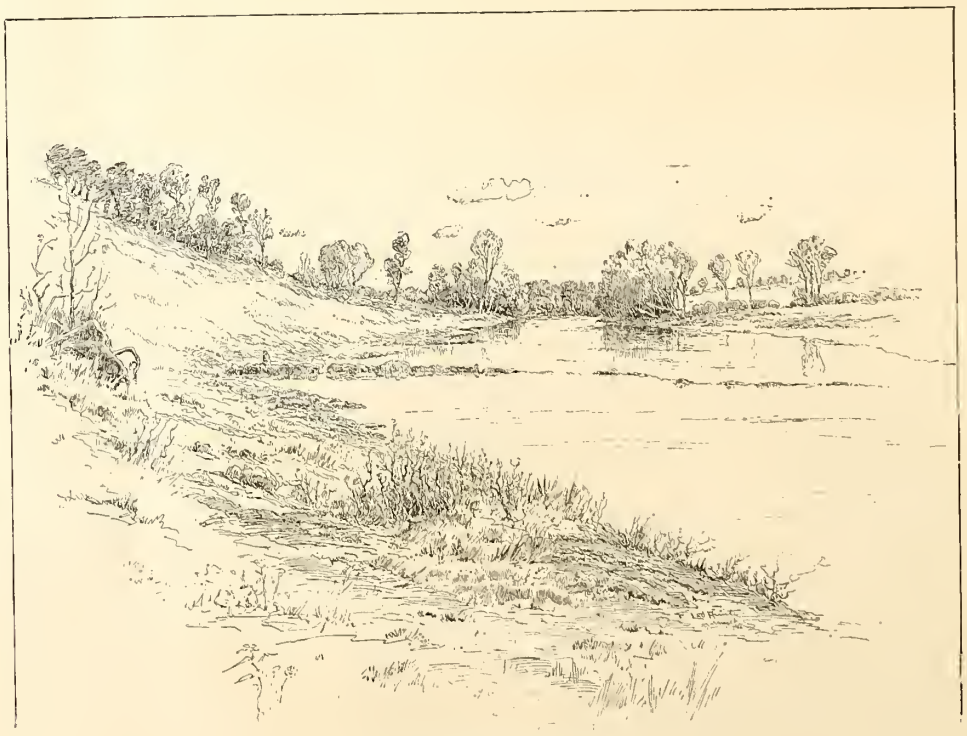


SITE OF JONES'S STORE AT GENTRYVILLE, INDIANA.



SITE OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S CABIN ON KNOB CREEK.

LINCOLN AND HUNDON'S OFFICE IN THE THIRD BUILDING FROM THE CORNER.



RUTLEDGE'S MILL-DAM.



THE GRAVE OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN, PIGEON CREEK, INDIANA.

bed was a mattress of straw resting on sticks supported by other forked sticks driven into the ground. The household utensils were a Dutch oven, a frying-pan, keeler, knives, forks, and a pail for bringing water from the spring.

This cheerless home was made brighter by the birth of a daughter—Sarah. Two years passed, and on February 12, 1809, the mother held another babe in her loving arms, who received the name of Abraham—"Father of the Faithful."



SITES OF BERRY AND LINCOLN'S STORE, AND RUTLEDGE'S HOTEL, NEW SALEM.

Nothing remains to mark the birthplace of this child except the stones which formed the fireplace of the cabin. These now lie scattered around the trunks of a decaying pear and apple tree, whose seeds were planted by Thomas Lincoln. Three miles from this cabin is still standing the Little Mound log meeting-house in which Abraham Lincoln heard his first sermon.

He was seven years old when his father moved northward nine miles, and built a cabin on Knob Creek. The well which was dug by Thomas Lincoln is all that remains to mark the site of this second home.

Kentucky was not a paradise for men in poverty during the second decade of the century. The old Virginia law of entail was still in force. Although there were not many slaves in Hardin County, class distinction was asserting its power against men in the depths of poverty. There was no law of entail in Indiana, nor were there any slaves in that State. Its lands were inviting, and so we see Thomas Lincoln disposing of the property on Knob Creek, taking his pay in whiskey, constructing a boat at the junction of that stream with the Rolling Fork of Salt River, putting his two barrels of whiskey on board, taking his axe, saw, and his few carpenter's tools, and floating down the several streams to the Ohio. The autumnal rains have swollen the rivers, and when the frail craft floats out from Salt River it is capsized, and whiskey and tools disappear beneath the swirling flood of the Ohio. He waits till the water subsides, fishes them up, and with a new craft floats down to Thompson's Landing on the Indiana side. Leaving his little property at that point, he makes his way inland twenty miles, selects a site for a new home on Pigeon Creek, travels on foot to Vincennes, secures his title, and returns to Kentucky. In November, 1817, Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln and their two children made the journey to Indiana. No cabin had been erected, no shelter awaited them. The nights were cold, and the rains of autumn setting in. It was only a "camp" that the carpenter could build, sheltered on three sides from the wind. Its southern front was open to the weather. Huge logs are rolled to the open side, and a fire kindled to warm the wintry air. The hard-working wife fries the bacon, bakes the corn-cake, and goes on with the drudgery of life. At night husband, wife, daughter, and son lie down to sleep upon the piles of dried leaves gathered from the surrounding forest. For a year this is the home. Before leaving Nolin's Creek, Abraham had attended a school taught a few weeks by Zechariah Rincy, and at Knob Creek a school kept by George Hazel, who taught reading and spelling only. It seems probable that while occupying this "half-faced" camp, as it was called, his mother taught him writing.



SITE OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S INDIANA HOME.

Thomas Lincoln was felling trees, and hewing them for a cabin. It was to be a better structure than those in which he had lived; it was to be of "hewn" logs. No floor had been laid, no door hung, when the family occupied it. Sickness invaded the Lincoln home. The nearest physician was fifty miles away. A few days, and then the closing scene—the mother bidding farewell to earthly things. "I am going away from you, Abraham, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy, that you will be kind to Sarah and your father. I want you to live as I have taught you, and to love your heavenly Father." The words never will fade from the memory of her boy. In the full vigor of manhood he will not think it unmanly to say, with tearful eyes, "All that I am I owe to my mother."



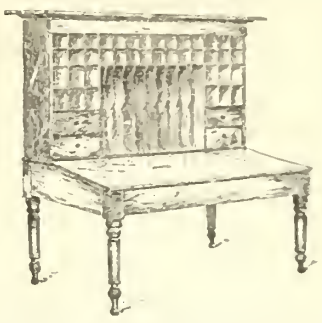
DUTCH OVEN, HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY.



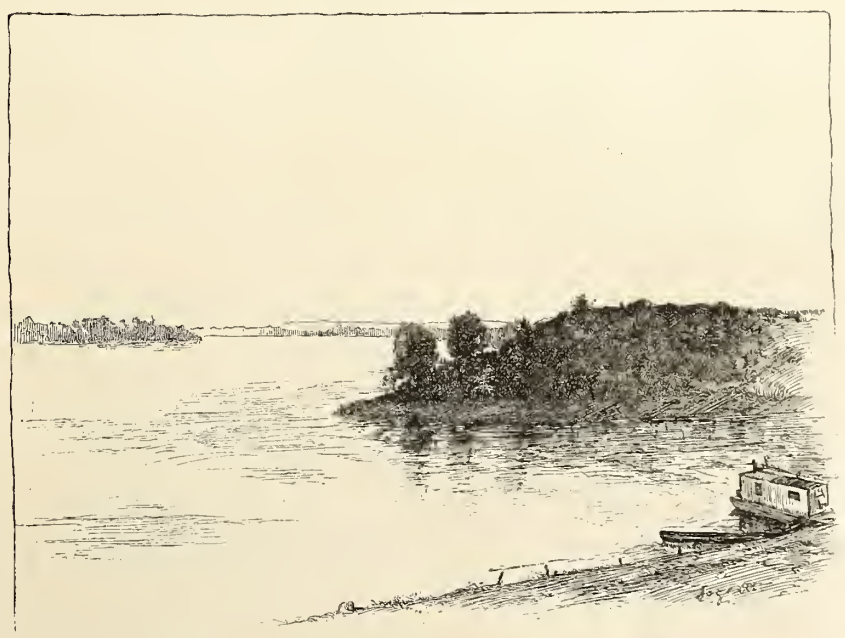
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S INK-STAND.

The husband makes her coffin, and she is borne to her rest beneath the oaks and maples. A marble head-stone, erected by Mr. Studebaker, of South Bend, Indiana, now marks her grave.

A year passes. Sarah, thirteen years old, is doing what she can to supply the place of a mother, baking the corn pone, frying the bacon—a lonely year to Thomas Lincoln. His children sorely needed a mother. We see him suddenly departing for Kentucky. He reaches Elizabethtown, and calls upon Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow with three children—John, Sarah, and Matilda. When a young man and before her marriage, he asked Sarah Bush to be his wife. Would she not consent to be a mother to his children? A few days later and the newly wedded pair, together with John, Sarah, and Matilda Johnston—her three children—with bureau, feather-bed, and other furniture piled in Ralph Crume's wagon, drawn by four horses, halted at the Lincoln cabin. Just what Abraham and Sarah Lincoln thought when they beheld the approaching team, and found that they had a new mother, a brother, and two sisters, we do not know; neither what reflections passed through the mind of the new wife. A few weeks brought about a new order of things—a floor of hewn timbers, a door, a sash, and glass in the window, neatness and order in the household, and a loving intimacy between the step-mother and Abraham, who heeds her every



DESK UPON WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN WROTE HIS FIRST INAUGURAL.



JUNCTION OF SALT RIVER WITH THE OHIO.



THE STATE-HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, 1860.



LITTLE MOUND MEETING-HOUSE, HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY.



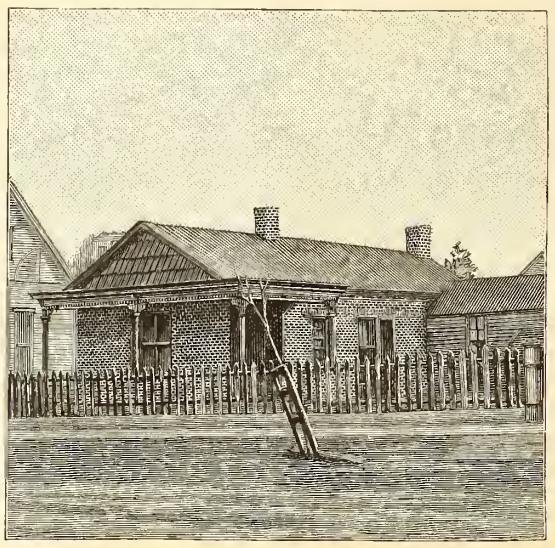
GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE, OAKLAND CEMETERY, NEAR PETERSBURG, ILLINOIS.

wish. He asks questions which other boys do not ask. She sees what the father does not see, his dawning intellect. Whatever book he can lay his hands on he reads with eager avidity—Æsop's Fables, Weems's *Life of Washington*. In the store of Mr. Jones, at Gentryville, he keeps his ears open to the stories told by the lawyers, and convulses them with laughter by his own narratives.

Once more he is at school studying arithmetic. In the winter evenings he sits by the blazing fire at home, with a wooden shovel in his lap for want of a slate, chars a stick in the glowing coals, and works out the problems. When his school-days are completed, they are, all told, less than twelve months. At the age of sixteen he is so strong of arm that he becomes ferry-man at Gentry's landing, and ferries travellers and teams across the Ohio. He sees the evil effects that come from the drinking of intoxicating liquors, and while waiting for passengers writes an essay on temperance. He shows it to Judge Pitcher, who in turn hands it over to a newspaper for publication; this, four years before the great temperance movement of 1829.

At the age of nineteen he is pulling an oar on a flat-boat down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. Two years later John Hanks is writing in glowing terms of the attractions of the Sangamon country in Illinois, and we see Abraham Lincoln driving an ox team bearing his father, mother, and their relatives to the new El Dorado, and assisting in the erection of a cabin for their shelter.

Again, he is a boatman descending the Sangamon to the Illinois, and thence down the Mississippi. At Rutledge's Mill, down on the Sangamon, the boat grounds,



THE CHAPMAN HOUSE, CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS.

but by his ingenuity is made to float once more. He returns from New Orleans, and we see him piloting a steamboat on the Sangamon, splitting rails, clerk in a store, bottoming chairs, surveying land, throwing stalwart wrestlers, soldier in the Black Hawk war, studying law, "riding the circuit," member of the Legislature, elected to Congress, advocating on the stump the election of Henry Clay, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, to the Presidency, combating Stephen A. Douglas in one of the most memorable of political contests, then nominated and elected President of the United States in the most critical period of the history of our country. It was my privilege to make his acquaintance the night after his nomination, May, 1860, in his own home. His law office, with its pine desk and table, was not a suitable place for the reception of the thousands who came to see him, and the Governor of the State kindly tendered him the use of the Executive Chamber. His election and what followed are historic events.

In a little cottage in Charleston, the week before taking his departure for Washington, he bade farewell to his step-mother. Very tender the parting. From that day when she alighted from Ralph Crume's wagon before the doorless Indian cabin she had been a guiding angel to him. Her wise counsels, together with the instruction of his own mother, moulded and fashioned his character, purified his great nature, and made him the man that he was.

OUR INDIAN CONTINGENT.

BY LIEUTENANT S. C. ROBERTSON, FIRST CAVALRY, U. S. A.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

I.—AS SCOUTS.

SHOULD the sportive prediction of that humorous wanton Mr. Nye, published some months ago, prove true, and the American Indian at a proximate period really join in their geological beds the mastodon and ichthyosaurus, it will not be for lack of effort to save him from such inglorious extermination. For several centuries made by turns the object of wholesale destruction by the deadly rifles of a civilizing and paternal government, and of empirical schemes of philanthropists for his reformation and support, it is probable that what remains of his race to-day really stands some chance of escaping extinction by the fatal application of that convenient law of the "survival of the fittest," which all powerful races are so fond of applying to weaker ones.

The continuity of disastrous and repeated failures has at last seemed to teach its lesson, and secure practical benefits and reforms in the government's methods of dealing with "the red brother." To the Interior Department itself is due the credit of many of these, and the condition of the Indian on a number of reservations personally known to the writer will attest the solid improvement in late years made by its earnest efforts. The giving of land in severalty; the training of the Indian in industrial pursuits; the general distribution of agricultural implements, wagons, and harness; the improvement and increase of his herds of cattle and horses; the establishment of good schools at Carlisle and on the individual reservations—all these are benefits which may be said now to be generally enjoyed by the different tribes.

But as much as has been accomplished by the Interior Department, it has been reserved for the War Department to originate a measure which will, I firmly believe, result in as much good to the future of these tribes as any of the above. For seventy-five years our little army, always the friend and benefactor of the Indian in time of peace, has been called upon from time to time to do battle with him in cruel and bloody wars. The justice of the case was well known to lie often with the so-called "hostile" tribe, and many a gallant officer and man have, in the very act of destroying its camps and shooting down its warriors in the bloody fight, deplored the iniquity of the cause they represented.

On the other hand, as is equally well known, the Indian himself has often been an unjust aggressor. But it



TROOP L, FIRST CAVALRY—IN DOUBLE COLUMN OF FOURS: "RAISE SABRE!"